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ORO PRO NOBIS.

THE great drive over, at close of day,
'Sat day they lay side by side
One from France, from Bavaria one;
For each the battle of life was done.

Then he who had fought for the Lilies of France
Fixed on the cross his drooping glance,
And a light-of-the-soul came on his face
As he prayed, "Hail, Mary, Full of Grace!"

And he from Bavaria turned his head:
"Oro pro nobis," his white lips said,
"Pray for us now and when death draws near."
The heart of the other leaped to hear!

"I fought for my country, you fought for yours—
Who knows? The Kingdom of Heaven endures;
Thither, my brother, we go as one."
And together they passed—the great drive done.
—Edith Thomas.



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THE PRAYER A LIEUTENANT PRAYED IN TIME OF BATTLE.

A priest who had met with an accident on the war front and a wounded lieutenant were lying not far apart on hospital cots, and entered into conversation of course. One day the lieutenant in narrating some of his experiences in battle told of a time when he and his comrades were to go over the parapet in an hour. The shells were hurtling through the air and tearing the earth into shreds. Everything around them was convulsed, but for the most part there was stillness among the men in the trench. All knew that when the barrage lifted in front and went they must leap into the open and follow. "Each man knew what his chance was worth, and each in the secret of his soul called upon his God." As for himself the lieutenant said: "I prayed, and though I am not a religious man, I tried hard to visualize God. I did not ask for safety or for my life, for that struck me as unfair. One must play the game. When death is in the air, one must not pray for oneself in that way. But I prayed for what I needed most. I prayed for courage. I looked at the men, for it gripped my soul that I might fail them. I could hear the word 'coward' on their lips. I have only one word rising in the stillness of the soul: 'Courage; Lord, give me courage.' But my lips were ashen, and the courage that I longed for came not. The minutes were passing, and I quailed. Was fear to conquer me? And my heart cowered with the fear of fear. Then, like a pistol-shot, suddenly and sharp, a thought came to me. I changed my prayer. I asked no longer for courage; I asked only to be delivered from fear of fear. * * * 'Save me from the fear of being afraid,' was now my prayer." And a wonderful thing happened. I felt all at once a sense of an Unseen Power in whose hand I was. There rang in my ears words which I once knew but had forgotten: 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' Like the snapping of a string that opens a door I was set free—as a bird from the snare of the fowler. The barrage continuing or lifting was nothing to me. Suddenly the guns ceased; there was a silence as of death, and we went over the parapet. But it wasn't the man of an hour ago, but a new and different man, who went over the parapet in my person."

When the priest sought to explain it all from the viewpoint of the priest, the lieutenant interrupted with, "I don't know anything about that; you'll excuse me saying

so: but, to be candid, I am not a religious man."

More religious, more Christ-like, more God-like, evidently, in some ways than many who delight in calling themselves religious men. Think of it! Some had to die when they went over the parapet, and the lieutenant didn't think it fair to ask that he should not be one of the number. He was far away from the kind of praying that may be characterized by these lines:

"O Lord, bless me and my wife,
Our son John and his wife—
Us four and no more."

At a time when his regiment was moving up a communicating trench to support another regiment this lieutenant had another remarkable experience. Death was everywhere, underneath, on each side, before, behind; there was no going forward, and no going back. They had to stand for a time and endure. The lieutenant says: "I happened to look into the face of a brother officer, and with more bravado than merriment I screwed my mouth into what I hoped was a smile. And in that act there arose within me an unconscious appeal to the Highest. That appeal was urgent: though I am not a religious man, I believe certain things—the things that matter. My appeal was that the Power over all should back me up in the effort that made the lips smile. Instantly something happened. Shells still burst all around, with smoke and an incredible roar everywhere; the crack, crack of machine guns, until the air was a sheet of bullets; the earth blasted and thrown high into the air; the moans of the stricken—that is what girt me round. But these things were no longer real. As a dreamer awakes from a ghastly nightmare, and while the horror is still upon him, is suddenly comforted by the knowledge that it was only a dream, so, all at once, the danger and horror of that trench became unreal. I was the reality. I could not be destroyed. And so I was filled with great comfort; I was raised above destruction."

This feeling of unreality and comfort did not last long, the lieutenant says. In a few minutes they moved on, and during the attack he was too engrossed to think of anything.

The priest proceeded to explain the experience psychologically, using a theory of William James, and saying: "There is an explanation of your experience. It came from your will to smile. You know the theory that if you meet a lion and don't run away you won't be afraid. It is the running away that causes the fear. Use your will and you won't fear."

"I don't know about William James," said the lieutenant, as he settled back on his pillows for the night; "for, you see, I am not a religious man."

There on the battle front in France that soldier touched something he had never touched consciously before. What was it? The subliminal consciousness, says some reader of *The Pacific*. But what does the subliminal consciousness touch? What is there beyond the subconscious? With what does it link up? James believed that it was linked with something outside of man. His studies led him to the conclusion, as Th. Flournoy says in his study of James, "that there exist specific and distinct experiences, impossible to deduce from the ordinary facts of psychology, which testify to the unexpected intervention in our so-called natural world of a supernatural and divine reality,—the same in essence as that which is best in us, but infinitely superior. The typical example of these special interventions, which pure logic or natural science could never have foreseen, is found in those remarkable cases of individuals who, halted at the brink of some utter moral

failure, suddenly find themselves invaded, dominated and uplifted by a marvelous vitalizing power which bears them on to victory."

In summing up James, M. Emile Boutroux says: "In experiencing these different phenomena, the individual is aware of entering into relation with powers conscious and personal like himself, but immeasurably superior to his own nature. He perceives that while experiencing the religious emotion his life is transformed, ennobled, and animated by an enthusiasm, a power for heroism, and a confidence of success of which in himself he was incapable; and he is naturally led to the conviction that the being who in this manner has heard, understood, helped and cured him, is a consciousness, an actual person akin to himself. Such is the religious consciousness; it is the human consciousness endowed with the conviction that it is communicating with God."

Some would say that this lieutenant's courage and comfort, this feeling that he was a reality that could not be destroyed, this experience of being raised above destruction, came to him from out the depths of self, which self is a part of the Universal Self, on which men will learn ere long to draw as never before in the emergencies of life. It does not matter how or whence they come or where they head up; the experience is what matters.

"Like tides on a crescent sea-beach,
When the moon is new and thin,
Into our hearts, high yearnings
Come welling and surging in,
Come from the mystic ocean
Whose rim no foot has trod,
Some of us call it longing,
And others call it God."

LIFE AND DEATH IN THE TRENCHES.

Several weeks ago the Rev. Dr. John Kelman, pastor of St. George's United Free Church, of Edinburgh, Scotland, gave an address in New York City, on the topic which forms the caption of this article.

Dr. Kelman served for several months as an army chaplain, and came in contact with the soldiers in the trenches as well as with those back of the trench lines. He said concerning this experience that it was the most wonderful of his life. He found that every vestige of artificiality was stripped off from the men, drawn thus close to the tremendous realities which are the bed-rock of human life.. He writes of the young man at the front:

"Yesterday he was the idol of his mother; his best girl thought he was everybody. . . . Today he is . . . a unit in the machine of war. . . . He counts for nothing at all but the sheer weight of his human worth, and he knows it," . . . "All the best and noblest lads that we have managed to rear in this generation are there in the great melting pot of the war; and in the great crucible of the future many things are being transformed. Men meet as brothers, bound together not only by a common service of the highest and noblest kind, knit together by a common sacrifice and suffering in which man is heart to heart with man. The manhood of Britain mingling there is learning loyalty. The ex-convict is sharing the same bell-tent with the student of divinity; and it is a very good thing for the student of divinity, whatever it may be for the ex-convict."

Dr. Kelman says further that the new circumstances in which ordinary men have thus been placed "have induced an entirely new humanity."

Among the many very suggestive statements is this: "Men long just to touch each other's sleeves, so that we have difficulty to make them march in open order."

Here we find flaming up the instinct of inter-dependence; as we find coming out also the fact of human solidarity, and innate equality, in what Dr. Kelman gives concerning the mingling together of all sorts of men; also that it is individual worth, and nothing else, that counts. It seems as if the experiences and lessons of the trench ought to make life on this planet more worth living after the war is over! Speaking concerning the religion of the front, Dr. Kelman said:

"The curious fact about the religion of the front is that it is mystical and visionary. A 'revival' of religion at the front does not mean what it meant when Mr. Moody went through the cities. It is not an increase of the knowledge of details of the Christian faith which will bring accessions to the churches and the Sunday schools. These are mostly non-church going men, not interested in the things of religion that interested us. But many a man at the front has learned for the first time what we mean when we preach. In the tense strain on his nerves he begins to see strange visions. I have met twenty or thirty cases such as the strange White Christ that goes through the ranks. One boy told me that when he was ordered over the parapet Christ appeared to him and told him to keep smiling, and said, 'As long as you keep smiling you are safe.' And he went into three hour's bayonetting with a smile that must have been more a terrific thing than even his bayonet. He was never touched, and he believes to this day with absolute simplicity of faith that Christ kept his word."

"Strange things are happening continuously. Make what you will of them. Many of these fellows have come, not by theology, but by experience, into the vivid consciousness of Christ. They have seen the great tender hands of the Good Shepherd searching the wilderness for his sheep lost and far off, and I am sure he is finding them there. What was Jesus Christ to them before—to most of them? A mighty ecclesiastic quite out of their line. To others, a figure two thousand years more or less, away, and belonging to a special class. Now, they are going through, so far as we can, suffering such as Christ did for the sins of men. In their experience of sacrifice today comes the great Christ of the Cross, and these men who once lived in self-indulgence, realize suddenly that Christ is their brother.

The question is, what will these men do with their religious experiences when the war is over? Dr. Kelman says that this depends on the wisdom shown by the churches. "God knows whether we shall be able sufficiently to understand, to follow, and to rise to the tremendous occasion."

WHAT FABER, THE HYMN-WRITER, SAID ABOUT JUDGING SELF AND JUDGING OTHERS.

"Nothing," says Faber, the hymn-writer and good physician of souls, "deepens the mind so much as the habit of charity. Charity cannot feed on surfaces. Its instinct always is to go deeper. Roots are its natural food."

"And this explains," says Faber, "why Jesus added, 'Judge not that ye be not judged.' It is not that God in an arbitrary fashion will pay us for being charitable in our opinions with an equal charitableness in judging; but

that the constant use of love in our estimates of others will actually alter us, deepen our natures, broaden our sympathies, feed us with divine impulses, and develop in us godlike characters that cannot be condemned. . . . To be generous in our opinions of others is to enlarge our own natures to receive the generosity of God."

"Be strict with yourself, and you will be lenient in your judgment of others," says this old-time follower of the Master. "Most critical persons are hypocritical; they overrate themselves and underrate others."

ANOTHER PATIENCE WORTH STORY.

Readers of *The Pacific* have seen from time to time for several years in these columns mention of the Patience Worth phenomena—remarkable specimens of literature, prose and poetry, spelled out on an ouija board in the hands of Mrs. John H. Curran of St. Louis. The source of these communications still remains, of course, a mystery. Some persons believe that they come up from the subconscious in Mrs. Curran; others that through telepathy she draws them from the minds of other persons; and still others believe that they come from the spirit world. This phenomena dates back to July, 1913, to an evening when Mrs. Curran was amusing herself with a "ouija" board. Suddenly the moving pencil wrote: "Many moons ago I lived. Again I come! Patience Worth my name." The language is in the main archaic—that of the seventeenth century.

The latest publication of these communications is a book of six hundred and forty pages containing what is called "The Sorry Tale." The editor of the *St. Louis Christian Advocate* says: "We have read and reviewed many books, but never have we met with one so altogether remarkable."

The *Advocate* says further: "Besides Mr. Yost, editor of the *Democrat*, several other literary men, among whom we may mention Rev. Dr. James W. Lee, Chaplain of Barnes Hospital, have expressed the opinion, in effect, that it is the most remarkable book of the age in many respects."

"The story is of the time of Christ, introducing many historic characters, and evidencing an unusual knowledge of the times and general history of that age. It sometimes amplifies the Bible story, but contradicts it in no essential point, and there are manifestations of a most reverent spirit throughout. The leading characters are a Greek slave—a dancing girl of Rome who, after serving as a top to the royalty there, was thrown off and, accompanied by a faithful servitor, conveyed to Palestine. In the outskirts of the village of Bethlehem she bore a son, on the same night that Christ was born: In the bitterness of her heart she names the babe Hate (Hatte), and the lives of the Christ and the Hate touch at many points in the narrative, which ends with the crucifixion.

"If the book were an ordinary novel, such as may be produced by the ordinary mind, it might be easily assumed that it is altogether human and that the air of mystery thrown around its creation and the assumed aid of the supernatural are only devices to awaken the curiosity of the public and enhance the popularity and consequent sale of the book. But it is not an ordinary book and so unusual is its style, so singular the circumstances connected with its production, that even if we discredit the testimony of those connected therewith, or more or less familiar with the facts, it is about as easy to believe in its supernatural

origin as to think it altogether the concept and creation of human ingenuity."

The *New York Times* has said of the book: "It is a wonderful, a beautiful, and a noble book, but it is not easy to read and it is not for those who delight in best sellers, who like a novel which can be galloped through in an evening. Its archaic language and its frequently indirect modes of expression make necessary constantly the closest attention. Whoever would read it through will need to be well supplied with time and patience. But if he appreciates the noble and the beautiful in literature he will be well repaid. And he will marvel more deeply than ever over the mystery of 'Patience Worth.'"

The Editor of *The Pacific* has not seen the book, but some excerpts from it makes it possible to give a further idea of it.

At the time of the miracle of the casting of the nets Jesus and Hatte came in contact in a striking manner. We quote in part only:

And Simon let fall the net unto the waters and behold, the waters stirred and the boats swayed; even so that it seemed that storms lay beneath the water. And they made to draw forth the nets and behold, the fish leaped high and the silver shewed glistened within the light. And within the boat the men were not enough that they draw forth the nets. And they that watched saw, and men sprang unto the waters and swam to the spot and lended aid thata they bring forth the nets. And they marveled and said: "What is this man?" And they cried: "Master! Master!"

And behold, their voices arose unto a tumult as they brought the nets back unto the shores, and men swam with the boat and held unto the nets that they bring forth the catch. And when they had come unto the shore and the boat lay within the shallows Jesus called forth unto all of them and delivered the fish unto them. And they cried:

"This is wondrous! What is it?"

And Jesus made answer: "This is naught. For the netting of fish is little unto the bringing forth of men."

And Simon fell upon his face and spake unto Him of his wickedness. And Jesus said:

"Arise and put thy nets by; for thou shalt weave a net of thy love and bring forth men."

And they spake: "It shall be; for this man hath looked unto land and even though his nets slipped the waters his dreaming was not there."

And they spake unto Him more, saying: "It hath come that thou hast lain low fever and hath cleansed and healed. What is that that is thine that is no man's?"

And He answered: "The time is not come that thou shalt know, but it is true that no man will hark save that a loud noise setteth up. Thou mayst not know, but within thy land the eyes shall ope and the ears hark, unto the eye's undoing and the confounding of the years."

And behold, afar there sat Hatte. * * *

And he arose and spat. And behold, Jesus stepped Him back that the spat fall not upon Him, and lo, where it fell He bended Him down and plucked up a white bloom. And He held it forth unto Hatte and spake:

"Look! even a man's hate may bloom. This is the folly of all men. And they shall yet know that they may not offend against the God; for their folly shall undo them. A man's hate mounteth up unto the pinnacle of heights, but to meet God. Man's path is upon a wheel. Even so is God upon the wheel and he shall come upon Him; for behold, the wheel is Him. Ye make much of wisdom, yet I say me that men are but babes that the tides shall wash unto naughts."

And Hatte stood him listing, and his lips curled. And behold, Jesus put within his hand the bloom. And they

that had seen this marveled and spake: "This man doeth things that setteth man's wonder running upon legs!"

The story leads on to the crucifixion, and we read:

And it was true that they made ready that they should crucify the transgressor, and the spirit of evil mounted the rabble. And it was true that Rome unloosed skins of wines among them. And at the high hour, behold, the streets cried out like wild things. Men ran thither and yon, laughing or shrieking, bearing stones and sticks of broken woods. And Rome sat, fatted, comfortable, and smiling.

And behold, the pits were oped, and they delivered unto the hands of the war's men, and they whom Rome had set mad, Jesus Christ and the son of Tiberius! And it was true that Rome had shut up her doors and left be that that would. And the sun was o'erclouded and shone but to hide. And the blade's men bore forth Jesus Christ, whom they had stripped naked, and He shrunk beneath their eyes and cast His eyes down. And lo, they laid hands upon Hatte and stripped him, and the women that looked upon this withdrew and hid.

And they cried out: "Who art thou, thou thief of the temples? Who art thou?"

And Hatte stood like unto one who wandered upon some far height. And they cried aloud: "Behold the son of Tiberius! Behold him!"

And they laughed and cast stones and bits of stone wares and rotted fruits and filths of the street's-ways. And Hatte stood, empty. And Jesus Christ spake not. And they decried Him, crying out: "Behold the King of the Jews! He is the son of who! He is a false prophet! Stone Him! Stone Him!"

And they lay hands upon them and beat them on the path's-way, even as wastes upon waters. And their flesh was torn and the hairs of their heads torn out, and lo, blood shewed upon their faces and their naked flesh. And the chill of the after-storm was upon Jerusalem, and they shook in cold quaking. And they that taunted them brought forth waters and cast o'er them; even did they bring forth heated brands and put unto their flesh.

And lo, among them stepped the Son of God, silent. They knew Him not. And Hatte held his head high and stepped regal, even though his withered leg gave way and was dragged at his stepping, for the weighting down of them that beset him was o'ermuch.

And they wearied of their taunts, for no manner of outcry came there for to feed their madness. And they cried out: "Crucify them! Spread them ope! Shew unto all men that enter the city, the Son of God and the son of Tiberius! Ha, ha, ha! Down the flesh of Rome beneath all men! Crush the blood of Tiberius beneath the heels of men where he hath crushed the flesh of our tribes!"

And it was true that the Jews were mad, and, mingled with the Romans within one cup, had they fallen. And when the cry had gone up "Crucify them!" behold, Hatte looked unto Jesus Christ, whose body was sagged of weakness, and with his own arms did he cast off them that clung, and tear him through flesh unto His side and lift Him up. And his lips spake:

"Seest thou? It is the end of the paths. Thine of love and mine of hate lead thee unto a common thing."

The Rev. Dr. Joseph Fort Newton, of the City Temple, London, has remarked that this story appeals principally as a profound symbol of the duality of life. "Love and hate, purity and impurity, come to the same end—that is the shadow whose long dark pall falls over the life of man, beclouding faith and obscuring hope." Yet "the Shadow of God is the place of light and hope. There can be no shadow without light, and he who follows 'that strange

man on the Cross' need not fear even the Valley of the Shadow."

Since the foregoing was prepared we have read a review of this book by Theodore D. Bacon in The Christian Register in which he makes some criticism and then concludes:

"How shall we account for what is after all a remarkable production? The problem is not difficult. The ouija-board succeeds in tapping Mrs. Curran's mind back of its judgment and its reserve. It is a very active mind, fond of imagining things, and of playing with words. Its activities are poured forth in a flood which her reserve and her judgment would instantly check if they were in control. In so doing a great stream of imaginings is given out, of which she may never have been conscious, some of it of value as a work of imagination, and much of it nonsense. We have a parallel in the earlier stages of intoxication. The judgment is inhibited and the words come bubbling out. When a man is tongue-tied or self-repressed, a slight intoxication may be the means of unloosing his imagination and making him eloquent beyond the capacity of his sober moments; but his outpourings greatly need revision."

WHAT SOME OF THE LEADING BRITISH PREACHERS HAVE BEEN SAYING CONCERNING LIFE AFTER DEATH.

Soon after the war began there was considerable casting about in religious circles in the United Kingdom for surer foundations for faith. At a meeting of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, the Rev. Dr. J. D. Jones, one of the leading Non-conformists, asked in an address, "What message has the Church for England weeping for her children? Dr. Jones proceeded then to say:

"First, the Church has got to proclaim the fact of immortality. The instinct of the human heart simply demands a hereafter. Are we to believe that a hasty grave in France or in Gallipoli is the end of these bright, fresh, eager youths? Impossible! Are we really to believe that the lives of men with distinct public gifts have just been cast as rubbish to the void, that these gifts and powers were conferred upon them only to be baffled and foiled? We can't believe it. That is to make out our world to be an insane world, with a cruel God at the heart of it. Instinctively we demand a hereafter, where the disappointed ambitions and bright aspirations of these lives so prematurely cut off can come to their fulfillment. No one who has not a heaven to preach has a gospel big enough for the bitter sorrow and heart-breaking questionings of this hour. But this gospel gives us what we want. They are alive and active elsewhere, doing other tasks in other worlds.

"But a statement of the fact of immortality will not answer all the questions that stricken souls are asking just now. People have not forgotten that the Bible speaks about hell as well as heaven. Soft and sentimental talk, which makes out that there is one issue both to good and evil will bring no comfort to sincere souls. People know perfectly well that if this universe is a moral universe at all, then the Bible's assertion that there is pain as well as blessedness is perfectly true. Some people talk of death on the battlefield as a kind of passport into eternal bliss—a popular way of viewing things that has nothing distinctively Christian about it. It is the noblest death a man could die, except the martyr's death for his faith, but it does not open the kingdom of heaven to a man. Salvation is only through Christ. We cannot whittle away our witness on that point simply to comfort bereaved souls, for it would not comfort.

"What can we say for the comfort and help of stricken

souls? We can preach the possibility of instantaneous conversions. There may be long processes behind it and leading up to it, but the act of conversion is always momentary. Almost all these men have passed through our Sunday-schools, and old memories must come crowding back to them as they stand in jeopardy every hour. They are looking eternity in the face. They must be driven, compelled, to think about eternal things. "There is life for a look"—that is no cheap evangelism; it is the very heart of the Christian Gospel. I rejoice to believe with Katharine Tynan that of multitudes of men it can be said:

Betwixt the saddle and the ground
Was mercy sought and mercy found.

"Thousands were little more than lads," continued Dr. Jones. "They were not saints, but by act and deed they declared that such intangible things as honor, liberty and truth were dearer to them than life itself. The real stuff of nobility was in them. But they were reckless, foolish and irresponsible; they were not really beginning to take life seriously. What about them? Scripture gives no plain and unmistakable guidance, though such questions are to be settled, not by proof texts, but by a study of the general drift of Scripture, and by what Scripture has to tell us about the general character of God. For myself, when I think about these lads, some of whom were so young that they had scarcely begun responsible life at all, and some of whom had very little chance in their upbringing—when I think of them in the light of God's character I am simply driven to demand for them a probation in the hereafter. Our Protestant forefathers swept away the doctrine of purgatory, and this was not surprising, remembering the abuses associated with it; in the hands of a corrupt priesthood it became merely an excuse for extortion and robbery. Nevertheless it may be permitted to a sturdy Protestant to believe that when our forefathers swept away altogether the doctrine of purgatory they went too far. There was a real truth in the doctrine. No doctrine that persists for century after century can be held to be wholly untruthful, and now that the fierceness of controversy has passed away Protestant theologians are returning to a belief in purgatory. The judge of all the earth must do right, and every man must have the chance of seeing Christ as He is before he is condemned for refusing Him. I believe that evil is doomed, and that upon evil God's judgment will fall; but I cannot believe that at death a man with a vein of pure sacrificial good in him is finally to be flung out from God's presence. So long as there is good in him God is never going to surrender him. Men of that type are not beyond our hope and not beyond our prayers. God is dealing with them still on the other side of the grave. The gates of heaven are never shut against the penitent soul. Neither death nor life can separate us from the love of God. If men in the next life turn to Christ they will find the gates open.

"Further than that we dare not and cannot go, though there are great and glorious words that seem to argue that in the end the redeeming love of God will win the final victory. It is a hope that a believing man may be allowed to cherish, that in the clear light of the eternal world, and as a result of its purifying discipline, in the long last every soul may at last waken to its need and turn in love and faith to Christ. I sometimes dare to believe that redeeming love, though it be by long processes of pain, will win its complete victory. But whether there be substance in that vision or not, there is infinite comfort in the gospel of a redeeming God. We can trust God with our dead, knowing that when the day comes when the dealings of the Lord will be revealed and we shall know as we have known, we shall say of all His dealings 'Halle-

lujah! Salvation and glory and power belong to our God, for true and righteous are all his judgments.'"

About the time that Dr. Jones gave the address from which quotation has been made here, Archdeacon Wilberforce, a leader in the Church of England, gave a sermon on "After Death, What?"

More people in England have turned to Archdeacon Wilberforce for help and comfort and guidance since the war broke out than to any other man. One woman has been quoted as typical, who remarked, "During this awful war the Bible and Archdeacon Wilberforce alone have sustained me. I am almost living on his sermons."

The Archdeacon preached a sermon in October in which he held out hope to the people whose loved ones had gone into the other life unprepared. What he said was challenged by some reader after the sermon had been printed. He was asked what about the Dives and Lazarus parable? Accordingly he gave another sermon from which the following excerpts have been taken:

"If we fail, if we will not live to spirit, if we waste our education here, we shall bring sorrow upon ourselves and others, but the resources of Divine Love are not exhausted; win us to Himself He must and will; and there remains, even for the worst of men, the alternate suggested by our Lord when he said, 'Fear Him' (and that personal pronoun is the Infinite Divine Love), 'Fear him who is able to destroy (that is, to pulverize and re-make) both body and soul (not spirit) in Gehenna.' Now, the well-known, constantly misunderstood allegory of Dives in Hades, which has been somewhat triumphantly quoted to me, so far from proving a possible immortality of hopeless suffering, positively proves the exact contrary. It provides a living picture of the actual process of this remaking of soul and body. Numbers are misled by this allegory; they have been taught to believe that it is a picture of material fire in an endless hell. It is nothing of the kind. It is a powerful demonstration that the only quality in God which suggests fear to a wilful sinner is the inexorable splendor of His love. Real love, perfect love, does not flinch from severity in effecting a cure. With us humans pity will often cloud our judgment. Intense sympathy is tempted unwisely to pass over moral faults which hinder the growth of spirit. In this allegory there is a living picture of Divine Love restoring the equipoise between spirit, soul and body in one who has stifled spirit during earth's education. The language chosen by the translators of the New Testament, 'In hell he lifted up his eyes being in torments,' has helped to establish the virulent and deadly slander against God of a material and unending retributive torment for the unsaved.

"The constant mistranslation of the words 'Gehenna' and 'Hades' into the word 'hell' has done unspeakable injury to Christianity. It has been used to prove a dogma which is wholly destructive of any true conception of God as Love and Omnipotence in one. Unless there is remedial and restoring agency in the world beyond the grave, human life for countless thousands is a ghastly mockery. The endless wail of human beings under the doom of hopeless damnation would dethrone God, predicate the existence of a victorious devil, involve the mind in hopeless dualism and make the so-called heaven of the saved a contemptible concentration of unutterable selfishness.

"You say it is a doctrine of the Church of England. I deny it emphatically. In 1864 the question was tried before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council whether endless torment was a doctrine of the Church of England or not. After argument on both sides by able counsel, and after mature deliberation, the judgment was given that it was not a doctrine of the Church of England, and

this verdict was given with the approval, or, at any rate, with the tacit consent of the two archdeacons who sat as assessors. But without the help of the Privy Council the doctrine disappears under the grand dogmatic assertion, 'The Father is greater than all, and no man is able to snatch aught out of the Father's hand.'

"Elemental life, originating life, Fatherlife, is, in all, greater than all, responsible for all. If a sin-stained human being quenches the light of the Spirit, rejects the pleading of conscience, lives only for self-pleasing, and dies unrepentant, he is lost, or whatever your theological conception pleases to call it. At any rate, he falls—where? Into the illimitable heart of the All-Father, absolute in love, inexhaustible in resource, power and goodness. How can he fall outside that? God is infinite, there is nothing outside Him. To be 'punished with æonian destruction from the presence of the Lord' is not to be essentially, elementally separated from God, but for a while not to know His nearness, to wander in supposed solitude while the man 'comes to himself,' but God is there, always with him. 'If I go down into hell thou art there,' and there in love, unchanging, tireless, patient, 'greater than all,' greater than the ages, and sin, and the wills of men. And forever and ever must the responsible Father of humanity work remedially, for he is love, till 'at last far off' the awakening wanderer shall come to himself and arise and go to his Father, for 'the Father is greater than all, and no man can snatch himself (or anyone else) out of the Father's hand.' Thus saith the Lord, and 'heaven and earth shall pass away, but his word shall never pass away.'

"With this indestructible conviction that the ultimate salvation of every human being is rooted in the very being of God, it is possible, and it may be profitable, to learn the real lesson from this allegory of Dives in Hades which has been quoted to me. Our Father has opened, in an allegory, the door of his reformatory of Hades, and he bids us see the inevitable result of a self-centred, wholly material life. The sight is painful, and it is meant to be so. It is well to look at it long enough to have its outlines so fixed in our memory that it may stand between us and the claims of our lower self."

THE WONDER.

Rev. A. Drahts.

What though I be but dust,—
Though but a passing mote
Swept fiercely down the gust
Of being—far afloat;
Not knowing whence, or where:
A breath! a sigh! and thence:
The wide encircling sea
Of God's immensity.

What though I be but part
Of a stupendous whole;
Yet am not I the heart,
And of that heart the soul?
Then, midst life's surging seas
(O mystery of mysteries!)
This th' great wonder call:—
Not that I live again—
But that I live at all.

Rincon, Cal.

We are all frail, but esteem none more frail than thyself.

THE DISPARITY OF VISION BETWEEN PULPIT AND TRENCH.

The July number of the English Review contained a very suggestive article by Eden Phillpotts, a British novelist, on the "Trench and the Pulpit" in which a great disparity of vision between pulpit and trench was depicted. We give here considerable of the article. He wrote:

"From the beginning of the war to the present time the disparity of vision between pulpit and trench has occasioned many impartial onlookers profound interest. To win any sort of spiritual understanding a man must feel the truth. No amount of imagination will reach to it; no native piety and no consciousness of the rectitude of one's own cause will serve the purpose."

"We find on all sides among the belligerents exactly similar phenomena," says the author. "The intelligent man in the trenches writes home his impressions, and often the storm and stress of his soul awakens into song. But the poetry and prose of the trenches are inspired by the same vision of reality, and half the war books now obtainable will be found full of quotations from Frenchmen, Englishmen, Germans, all saying the same thing in different words. They echo horror for humanity and like pity for the suffering of their friends and enemies; they hope, and often pray that this cup may soon pass from humanity's lips forever. Face to face with the truth of war, the men in the trenches, who have intellectual power sufficient to weigh and measure what they see inflicted on flesh and blood, are at one in a wide compassion transcending nationality and any other cause smaller than the immortal cause of mankind. They do not dwell overmuch upon the reasons for it all, but they mourn the results; and, far from expressing any hatred of the enemy before them, recognize that he, like themselves, has been driven to do another will than his own, and to suffer for large abstractions and ambitions in which neither he nor any individual can claim more than a vague and misty part. He is sorry for his enemy, and either laments or despises the necessity which has called for this destruction. He fights, indeed, with the skill and judgment he was prepared to bring to greater affairs of life. He fights to conquer, and he wastes no false sentiment on the pressing need of killing his fellow-man; but he does it like a gentleman, and he recognizes in the dead and wounded foe a being similar to himself, actuated by kindred hopes and ambitions and driven to destruction by the same necessities."

Mr. Phillpotts declares that there is no hate in the trenches except when the enemy's interpretation of "the rules of the game" is faulty and he "commits crimes and offences for which war has no excuse."

"Even so," he says, "French and English understand that the German is less his own master than they are, and must often be called by his superior officers, fed upon 'frightfulness,' to do things unspeakable."

But when the pulpit is considered, another story is found to emerge. Mr. Phillpotts writes: "If Christian Germany permits her pastors more childish explosions of public hate than can be heard here, we, despite our more reserved temperament and restrained culture, commit errors as transparently foolish. Our pulpit criticism is no subtler. We loudly proclaim the Christianity of Germany to be a spurious article, and declare that the Fatherland is inhabited by atheists and savages who have forgotten God."

"The pulpit fulminations of Germany and our own lie on the same lowly intellectual plane; both spring from an identical spirit of blind antagonism without imagination;

each takes its standpoint in the assumption that the enemy has thrown over the religion of Christ, with every sacred precept and injunction therein contained and enjoined."

"If both are right there is no Christianity left in Christendom; but for each to claim the Light at the expense of the other is grotesque. Both stultify Christianity, the attitude of both displays a deliberate apostasy of the church on either side."

"For a live Christianity should always be too proud to fight save for its Founder. Those ministers and priests in both countries who had, above all things, the welfare of their religion at heart, who recognized in it a sacred treasure committed to their charge, must, if independent of temporal considerations, have thundered, not against an enemy nation, but against the infamy for which all who professed and called themselves Christians were responsible. Not for them to take sides, palter with politics, or pretend the enemy less Christian than themselves. Their part was to join hands for their Savior and, in his name, and no other, protest before humanity at this outrage on the sacred professions of the fighting millions."

"Live Christianity had done that; and a Living Church might have gone far in the name of righteousness to limit the war and lessen its evils, if powerless to win a complete victory for the Prince of Peace. But no such attempt was made; Christianity is found as backward in international ideals as Socialism itself. She lacks the universal spirit claimed for her, and proves less competent than Freemasonry to make a common enthusiasm to summon mankind to the banners of a common cause."

"The understanding of the trenches is higher, more gracious, more humane and more acute than the comprehension of the pulpit. Those whose business it is to slay each other do not curse each other. Those who should seek to link the nations with a golden chain of shared faith and understanding, tell each other that they are atheists and henceforth beyond the pale of man's recognition or God's forgiveness."

Two great opposite theories underlie practical politics today, and while our ideals tend towards democracy, freedom of thought and action, liberty of conscience and respect for the weak, Germany, long ruled and trained by her archaic war-caste, disavows these aspects of government, conceives herself as God's vicegerent in the comity of nations, and believes herself a supreme and chosen people, unto whom the earth and the fullness thereof is destined as a divine reward for her own virtues."

The Allied theory, he says, has "grounds in ethics and philosophy," but that of the Fatherland is "frankly based on religion." And Mr. Phillpotts declares: "To call Germany atheist is grossly to libel her, for abounding faith in God lies at the roots of her polity, and from the Kaiser through all ranks of society there obtains most active profession and practice of religious observations."

As to the question of this gulf between the soul of trench and pulpit the writer of this English Review article, says that "the reason seems direct enough." His explanation is: "The man in the trench is free, the man in the pulpit bound hand and foot. While religion continues to be a creature of the State, and ethics and philosophy are unfettered and innocent of any such union; while fighting men may think and feel what they like about the foe, but preaching men only say what their masters would approve, it follows that the true opinion and aspirations of humanity shall be sought from the soldier rather than the priest."

And the author goes on: "There is nothing to choose between the churches of the belligerents. Given the temperamental differences, the results are practically identical. Both Churches lie under the heel of the State; and while to our Established Church belongs a larger liberty than the German Lutherans can boast, the difference is only in degree."

Then comes the scathing declaration: "Neither tells the truth of its faith before the war nor scourges its own nation for such complete unfaithfulness to Christian precept. Neither even dares to criticize its nation's conduct of war, or to protest in the name of Christ against the thousand and one hideous and reactionary measures the war has demanded on all sides."

Rome, the author says, was similarly dumb before "Austria's deviltries in Serbia, since Austria is vital to the Vatican." And finally: "Not a church on earth can afford to speak the truth that it professes."

All of which leads Mr. Phillpotts to say that it is supposable that those who still desire to see the Christian religion a quick institution would pray for it that it may yet find means to become master in its own soul and cleansed of this noxious conjunction with temporal power, stand forth in the eyes of men and show the world whether it can stand alone."

The thought of the author of the Review article is that if the war should disestablish the Church of England and show thus its real strength or weakness, one measure of valuable ethical progress would be recorded; for, until such divorce no one is able to judge the validity of its claims or the vitality of its organism.

As it is, he says, "We only recognize that through the war it has spoken with contradictory voices, uttered a bewildering flood of fatuity—futile on any scale of values, but doubly impotent contrasted with the speech of mankind at the front."

And finally: "The war has rent the Veil of the Temple in twain and revealed nothing of the least consequence behind it. That could not be otherwise while the Temple remained a side chapel to Parliament, and its ministers lay under the dominion of those who neither respected their achievements nor acknowledged their supernatural authority."

And the admonition is: "Let the Church of England free herself if she would endure, and so win liberty of conscience to pursue her spiritual ideals unfettered and utter her true inspirations without fear. Then at heart will she preach and teach as honestly, if not as worthily, as the man in the trenches, and perhaps recover a measure of that respect and attention reserved today for him."

"RELIGIOUS EDUCATION AND DEMOCRACY."

A New Book by Benjamin S. Winchester.

A paragraph in the preface to this book reads: "The present world situation compels a serious re-examination of the foundations of democracy. Especially does it necessitate a consideration of educational processes and materials. In the haste to achieve efficiency may it not be that some indispensable values have been sacrificed? The words of Jesus sound again with a new emphasis: 'What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' This applies to a nation as well as to the individual. 'Has democracy failed?' men are asking

today. Has Christianity failed? These have not failed, but as one recent writer has said, they have been found difficult and have not yet been tried."

In part first of this book which is a "Survey of Religious Education in its Relation to Democracy," there are chapters on Compulsory Education and Religious Freedom, The Essentials of Democracy, The Challenge of Democracy to the Protestant Churches of America, The Teaching Inheritance of the Protestant Churches, Some Prophets of Modern Democracy and the New Education, Typical Systems of State Education, The American Public School System in Its Relation to the Churches and Democracy, The Development of Educational Agencies Within the Protestant Church, Some Recent Experiments in Religious Education, The Mutual Relation of Church and State in Providing Education of the Churches, The Community Task of the Churches.

Part second is devoted to "Suggested Plans and Programs of Weekly Religious Instruction."

Dr. Winchester, who was for some time with the Congregational Sunday School and Publishing Society, is now a Professor in the Department of Religious Education in Yale University School of Religion, and is also the Chairman of the Commission on Religious Education of the Federal Council of Churches.

This book is an able study of a question of vital importance to our national life. Abingdon Press, New York; \$1.50 net.

THE PHYSICIAN OF THE HEART.

A Sermon by the Reverend Henry Kendall Booth of Long Beach.

"Let not your heart be troubled, ye believe in God, believe also in me."—John 14:1.

No need to tell this Christian congregation where that passage is found. Instinctively your hearts have turned to it innumerable times, that immortal part of the gospel story where in the quiet hush of that guest chamber on the Passover eve Jesus opened his heart to his disciples and told them of the present and the future. "Let not your heart be troubled." It was the great Physician of Souls looking into the lives of these men who were about him, and seeing in their faces, reading in their natures, understanding in their lives those elements and conditions and circumstances that were common not only to them but to us. For those eleven men who looked up to him at that hour and cherished his every word were men of like passions with ourselves. In their lives they represent our humanity, and Jesus is not only speaking these words to them; he is speaking them to us all; he is speaking them to all the world. No wonder that men love to turn to the fourteenth chapter of John's Gospel, for though they realize that its primary application was to a little group of Jewish peasants, its ultimate application is to all mankind everywhere. "Let not your heart be troubled." Jesus unerringly has diagnosed the disease. As the physician of the soul of men, he knew what the trouble was with those who looked up to him. He understood what was the difficulty with these natures that were confronting him in that hour. It was not mental. It was not moral. It was a difficulty of the heart, using the heart in that sense in which it has always been used, as the seat of the affections, feelings and emotions of men. Jesus knew that these men were disturbed. The Greek word itself is the word that is used for a storm, like great ground-swells that sweep

across the Pacific ocean after a storm. He knew that their natures were profoundly disturbed, and so he says, "Let not your heart be troubled." As Jesus looked into those men's faces he was able to read what the trouble was. It was three-fold, and, as such, common to men everywhere. There were burdens threefold resting upon these men,—the burden of doubt, the burden of sorrow, the burden of fear. These men were doubtful. They did not know what to believe. They had accepted this Jesus at his face value. They said, "This is the prophet that was to come. This is, indeed, the new King that the prophets foretold." And now he has said to them, "I am going to death, I am going to my end at the hands of my enemies," and they could not reconcile that statement with the faith that they had had in him. They had hoped to see him sit upon a throne and rule, and now he is to die a felon's death upon the cross—he had told them so, and these men are doubting and uncertain. They are tremendously disturbed. They do not know what to do, and their hearts are full of sorrow at the thought of parting, bereavement, loss, death,—those things that come to afflict the human race swept over the souls of these eleven disciples and they were exceedingly sorrowful, even unto death, and they were fearful, they were afraid in the presence of the dread future that they could not foretell. They could not tell what any day would bring forth, and so these men carried a burden in their hearts that Jesus only could understand.

Somehow, it seems to me that the words of Jesus were never more fitting than they are just now to the hearts of all of us. "Let not your heart be troubled," is the word of Jesus to each of us; for I take it that we all have been passing through this triple experience of trouble, and I take it that we never faced it in quite such measure as we face it today. We know what doubt and indecision are. Innumerable questions and problems have been confronting us in our daily living. We have had sorrow. Our friends have been taken from us. Bereavement has stricken our lives. We know the pangs of loneliness and parting. You and I have felt the dread and uncertainty of the future. We have had the prevailing fear that comes from the pressure of the unknown. We have faced all that, but never did we face it in such a measure as we face it today. I think there is no Christian man or woman who has not come here this morning with a feeling of trouble. If you have escaped it it must be because you are absolutely callous to impressions, and because you have shut out of your heart, of your own selfish will, all thoughts of others. The man who can walk through life today untroubled, absolutely serene, happy and peaceful, is the man who has absolutely put all thoughts of others out of his mind. If you have come here this morning perfectly calm, perfectly serene, perfectly happy, it is because, I am sure, that there is something wrong with you that you cannot feel the impalpable but none the less real pressure of sorrow, doubt and fear of the world.

Uncertainty—ah, there never was such uncertainty in human history as today. Nobody knows what to believe. All the foundations of our faith seem to have been swept away, and as I read the religious journals that come to my table—American, English, German and French—as I see what these men are thinking and what they are saying, I note in it all that uncertainty, that doubt, that indecision. We thought we knew where we stood five years ago. We were absolutely certain that the kingdom of God was almost here. We thought England was almost ready to take unto herself new measures of social welfare under the leadership of Lloyd George. We looked at our own country and we saw the tremendous sweep of forces that were making for the happiness of men, and we said, "Lo,

the kingdom is coming here." We looked abroad at Germany, France and Russia, across the Pacific at the Orient, and everywhere it seemed to us that there were signs of the awakening of the world to the coming of the Prince of Peace and Love. And then, all in a moment, there came upon the world this nightmare in which we have been living for the last three years, and I tell you there are men who do not know what to believe. There are few men that are positive that they know what they thought they knew five years ago about life. There is great trouble, and the disheartening sense of uncertainty and doubt that comes into the minds of men is appalling. There are questions that are being insistently thrust upon us that we can not answer if we would. We do not know, we are not sure, and we certainly can no longer walk with a positiveness, with an absoluteness of conviction with which we walked five years ago. The world has been passing through such changes as we never thought of, changes that have affected it in all its thought and all of its work. We shall have to re-study our Bibles; we shall have to re-state our Christian truth; we shall have to revamp and reconstruct our own personal faith. That is the thing that is upon us right now. There never was a time in which men were so uncertain and doubtful about truth, about God, about the future as they are at the present moment.

Sorrow—there never has been such sorrow in human history. Never has the world bowed under such a weight of woe as today. Think of the millions of men of all nationalities that for the sake of their fatherland and their love for their flag and their loyalty to their nation have died upon the battlefields across the water. Think of the homes. Think of the mothers, sisters, sweethearts, friends, the orphaned little children; think of the two million people of the Far East who, through no fault of their own but because of their unfortunate position, are at the present moment starving by the thousands! Think of the woe of the world, and unless you are a person of utterly calloused and completely atrophied heart and sympathies, you cannot but feel some pressure of the sorrow of the world today. Never did men face such colossal woe, such gigantic sorrow, on such a scale of magnitude as we face right now.

And there is dread, there is fear in the hearts of men. It has not touched us yet. We have been too cock-sure, we have been too certain, we have said, "Oh, this is not going to affect us. This thing is too far away." But it has reached out its hand and grasped us now, and we are conscious that we cannot escape it if we would. What does the future hold in store in this titanic conflict?? What is the future of the world before us? Are we face to face with the yellow peril now? How is civilization going to recover from the blow that has been dealt her? How are France and Belgium and Poland going to rebuild their waste places after the war is over? How are we going to live together after the war is ended? Will Teuton and Britain, will Russian and Frenchman, will American and Oriental and all the rest sit down together in peace, or shall we gird our loins again for another conflict? These are the questions that men are asking frantically, because they realize that their very life and existence are at stake. Oh, there never was such a fear in the hearts of men as there is today as they face the unknown future, and I say to you that the word of Jesus was never more needed than right now when calm, clear, peaceful, sweet, there falls upon the troubled hearts of humanity, "Let not your heart be troubled."

Why does the Great Physician thus say that the disease of men is a troubled heart. How is he going to cure that troubled heart? How is he going to assuage this sorrow?

How is he going to answer these questions and resolve these doubts? The answer is writ large: "Ye believe in God; believe also in me." Men have always believed in God. They believe in God today, but we shall have to have a different kind of God and faith in God than we have ever known before. The German believes in God, the Russian believes in God, as well as the Frenchman and the American. We are all praying to God—for what? That each of us may win. We cannot all win, and there has been altogether too much of the tribal conception of Deity among the nations of the world, too much of the thought that the God of all the nations is the special protector and special helper of some one nation. I am not going to say where the right lies, for no man can tell, but I am certain, that our faith in God has been a thing altogether too weak and tenuous to stand in the midst of this conflict of purpose and life about us. Now we shall have to have a new kind of faith in God, and I think we shall find it only as we take the prescription of the Great Physician, "Believe also in me." For the trouble is, our view of God has been that we have seen him through our own eyes and not through Christ's. We have taken him at our face value, and have never been willing to take him at Christ's valuation. Our God has not been the God of Christ. We have had too narrow a conception of Deity, and so the Master says to us as he said to those disciples, "Believe in me." Why should we believe in him? Why has he a right to stand before us and make that claim? How can he dare to say that believing in him will take away the troubles of a sorrowful and burdened world? How can we find peace, love, comfort, joy, by believing in him? Well, I take it that there are three very simple reasons why any man or woman can accept that statement and believe in Christ.

The first reason is that we have in him the teacher of the highest principles of life that have ever been spoken in the presence of mankind. Take them all and place them alongside of Jesus—Zoroaster, Mohammed, Buddha—listen to the words that they spoke, take the highest and noblest teaching by other religious leaders, and then take the gospels. Simple, direct, concrete, practical, ennobling, helpful—these are the teachings of the Master, and it is no wonder that men of all races and climes, in all ages, have said, "This is the Teacher that was to come, and he has spoken to men with an authority that others have not had." And so we are willing to take Jesus at his word, because we see that in him we have the supreme teacher of the highest principles we can know. Then Jesus is an optimist. He believes in the ultimate triumph of righteousness. He believes in the salvability of men. He believes in the highest reaches of the human spirit. He believes that there is no soul that cannot be transformed by the Spirit of God.

And more than that, he believes not only in the coming of a spirit of righteousness among men on earth and in the changing of human life from selfishness and greed to love and unselfishness and peace, but he holds out to us the hope that in another life and in another world this life and this thought of ours shall be continued, these personalities of ours shall go on living. What we have been unable to attain here because of the shortness of time and the limitations of life, we shall find there in fullest measure. It was only a breath after these words were spoken when he says: "In my Father's house are many mansions." Ah, the Master commends himself to us because he was able to see life here and life hereafter, because the promises are not only for the best and holiest and finest things here, but that there is another life and another world, an immortal hope that can be cherished by the hearts of men.

Last of all, he commends himself to us, because alone

in him we find the highest revelation of God. God is far from us. It is difficult, indeed, for us to grasp the idea of God. We talk about God glibly, but we cannot grasp the idea of God with any ease at all, and the wonderful and glorious fact of Christianity lies in this,—that there came into the world in Jesus Christ God himself, walking among men and talking with men, sharing their sorrows, meeting their burdens, facing their difficulties, bearing even their temptations, knowing the pressure of their sins, and because Jesus Christ reveals God, you and I can take him and accept him at his word. Nowhere else, in no other way, can we find God as we find him in Jesus. "I am the way. No man cometh unto the Father but by me." "If ye had known me, ye would have known my Father also." How simple the words, and yet a whole life of experience is needed to make them true to us; and with these forty, fifty, sixty years behind us of experience of Christ, we can testify, can we not, that to us he is Very God of Very God, and that in his presence and at his feet we have learned all that we know about the love and the wisdom and the graciousness of the Father, unto whom we pray in Jesus' name. And so Jesus to the troubled world of our day offers himself and says, "Believe in me, trust in me, have faith in me, and your troubles will disappear and the peace that passeth understanding will keep your hearts and minds."

Among the pictures and symbols in that great gallery of majestic mural paintings of John, there is a picture of a crystal sea, of a sea of glass, as it were, so unmoved by any ripple as to transcend even the smoothness of this Pacific Ocean by which we live on some still morning as we look out upon it through the mist—the most fluid substance, the most easily disturbed by a passing breath, the most mobile of all known things, represented in that picture as so still and calm and changeless as to resemble a sea of molten glass, and it was in the New Jerusalem. We have thought that to be a picture of heaven. We have thought that the sea of glass with that smooth, unruffled surface was only to be found in the world above, but the New Jerusalem is let down on earth and it is a picture of the heavenly life here; and the serene and crystal surface of that sea is the picture of the Christian's heart in the midst of life's storms, and tempests, that it is his to hold down in the inmost depths of his being like that sea of the Apocalypse, an unmoved and untroubled heart. "Let not your heart be troubled, believe in me,"—that is the Master's remedy for the troubled heart, that is the secret of eternal peace.

ATTEMPT TO BREAK DOWN ONE-DAY-REST-IN-SEVEN LAW FAILS.

Some employers of labor are taking advantage of the situation created by the war, by trying to lengthen the hours of labor and compelling their employes to work a seven-day week. There may be occasions when some plants should be run seven days per week but there is never a good excuse for working men seven days per week.

Recently the International Paper Company which operates mills in New York State at Glens Falls, Fort Edward, Corinth, Cadyville, Piercefield, Niagara Falls, Ticonderoga and Watertown petitioned the Industrial Commission of the State of New York for exemption from the law which requires that every workingman shall be given one day's rest in seven.

To have granted this request would have meant not only that several hundred men working for this company might

steadily be employed on Sundays, but that the commission would have been compelled to grant the same exemption to practically every other employer who desired it, and who based his request upon the same arguments.

The law in New York State requires that when men are compelled to work on Sunday, to repair machinery for example, they must be given another day during the week for their weekly holiday. The company declared that the men objected to taking their holiday during the week and that it felt justified in employing these men continuously, if the men so desired.

The Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America was represented by the Rev. Charles Stelzle who appeared before the Industrial Commission to protest against the request of the company.

He argued that when a man actually preferred to work a seven-day week, it was either because his wages were so small that he thought it necessary to work in order to earn a "living wage" or because his finer sensibilities had become so blunted that he did not realize the harm he was doing himself.

It was questioned whether a workingman had a right to work seven days per week anyway, if by so doing he decreased the possibilities of his becoming a better man, a better citizen, a better father, and a better householder. If it is a bad thing for a man's family, for the state and for other workingmen, when he works seven days in the week and if he injures himself physically and mentally and is likely to become a charge upon society, then, Mr. Stelzle argued, we have a right to insist that he shall not be permitted to work a seven-day week.

The same general principles applying to continuous labor and especially to Sunday work which were used by Mr. Stelzle in connection with the Lackawanna Steel Company's case which sometime ago asked the Commission for exemption for 7,000 workingmen, was presented by him. After due consideration, the request of the International Paper Company to the Industrial Commission was denied.

OHIO REPUBLICAN SENATOR ADVOCATES ABSOLUTE POWER FOR THE PRESIDENT.

Sitting on the steps of the Capitol at Washington a few days ago Senator Harding of Ohio declared himself to a New York Times representative as favoring absolute power for President Wilson during the war.

Speaking concerning the continued debate by Congress at this critical time, and the inability of a legislative body to handle the problems, Senator Harding said:

"The truth of what I say is not contested, as a general proposition, even by those who oppose, for various reasons, the various war measures now before Congress. But each man is able to find for himself and for the particular reason which he has for opposing any particular bill an exception to the rule. He is able to convince himself and many others that his purposes are not only patriotic, but that any other method than the one he employs of debate and delay is decidedly unpatriotic.

"This is the character of legislative bodies. It always has been and it always will be their character. Men are elected to legislative bodies for the purpose of discussing legislation. It is too much to expect that they will not, at least in a respectable minority, fulfill the strict letter of their function, even if 'Hannibal is knocking at the gates.' For them, at once, in the mass and unanimously, to perceive the inevitable logic of a war situation is more than can be expected, and it is a situation that past and pres-

ent history does not lead us to expect."

Continuing, Senator Harding analyzed, quite frankly and with the kindly detachment of an unofficial observer, the various personalities now in the Senate heretofore called "a little group of willful men," "conscientious objectors," and, in some instances, much worse than that. He was careful to explain that, in his opinion, these personalities should not be considered either with antagonistic criticism nor yet with party, factional, nor even with patriotic spleen. He looked upon them as merely the present-day illustrators of a universal principle which became the greatest weakness of democratic government in time of war.

"These men," he said, "are having a very hard time. They are doing their duty, as they see it, in the face of terrific criticism, and it is, in a very real sense, a courageous thing to do. Of them as men or as Senators or as Representatives I do not say one word of criticism. Many of them are my friends; all of them I respect.

"What I do say, unequivocally, is this: The system must and will be changed for war. We cannot travel much longer on this road of debate that leads only to indecision and finally to paralysis. Better let one man make the mistake and hold him responsible for it than for us all collectively to make the greater mistake of doing nothing, or else of doing what we do too late, or of half doing it, or of ineffectively doing it. How can Congress decide in advance anything about food prices, or any other prices? Those things must be regulated by one man in supreme control, and he must be in a position to effect his will instantaneously just as much as is the commander of any military force."

"What would you suggest? That Congress delegate all its power to one man?"

"Practically that, if not actually," the Senator replied.

"Does that not mean the complete abandonment of democracy?"

"Call it what you will; it is the only way to win the war. However, it means that we abandon nothing except the incapacity of all legislative bodies in wartime. We would not abolish Congress. There is much for it to do. It remains the 'buffer State,' as they say in Europe, guaranteeing democracy against the assaults of the very autocracy it creates. Even a dictator could not ignore it. It gets the sentiment of the people and sifts the pure gold from the dross and thus can speak a people's best aspirations. Congress can always remain at hand ready to repeal any law it might enact, ready to impeach any dictator it might empower. To change the figure a bit, Congress would remain on the side lines, as it were, closely watching the great game, ready at any moment to rescind the powers it has delegated."

"Whom have you in mind for this position as supreme dictator?" Mr. Harding was asked.

"At the present moment there is but one possible man," replied the Senator from Ohio, "the President of the United States. I must say he is not my choice, but the people of the country have chosen him, and he is the only one to whom we can turn. Why quibble with events which are already accomplished? Mr. Wilson is our President, duly elected. He is already by the inevitable force of events our partial dictator. Why not make him complete and supreme dictator? He will have to answer to the people and to history eventually for his stewardship. Why not give him a full and free hand, not for his sake, but for our sake? He is not likely to succeed half bound; unbound he will have every chance. If he fails, then it is his fault, not ours. If he fails under present conditions, it is our fault, not his."

"But we are warring against autocracy, and you are proposing for us as great or even a greater autocracy than that to which we are declared antagonistic."

"On the prairies," replied Mr. Harding, "when a fire threatens the community in which there is no means of fighting it except one, a counter fire is started. They fight a great fire with a little one, but one which meets fierce element with the same fierce element, and the element which alone, under the circumstances, can combat it. Our advantage over the Germans is that we would put on autocracy as a garment only for the period of the war, whereas they wear autocracy as the flesh that clings to their bones. Once the war is over, we would discard autocracy, just as we did after the Revolution and after the rebellion.

"In a sense I am not advocating a political measure so much as I am suggesting what must and will occur in this country in a very short while. A dictatorship, no matter what term of office is employed, almost always has occurred in moments of extreme national peril. Napoleon, the soldier of democracy, became the dictator of France. Caesar, the tribune of the people, founded the greatest empire the world has ever known, and one in which the dictators for hundreds of years were elected. Lloyd George, the most radical Democrat England has ever known, becomes the empire's dictator. Kerensky, a Socialist, becomes the supreme dictator of Russia. How long will America wait before she, too, voluntarily chooses a dictator? We must have one, sooner or later. Why not now?

"I have had a thousand letters expressing fear of this very thing, making strong appeal against the abdication of Congress. It is a fear of the policy, rather than of the fact. My own conviction is that the world is aflame and that we have a Republic to save. We can't do it with the processes of a Republic in peace."

BRISTOW OF KANSAS ATTACKS THE LOBBIES AT THE NATIONAL CAPITAL.

Joseph L. Bristow, former United States Senator and Assistant Postmaster General, is editor now of a paper at Salina, Kansas. Not long ago he was in Washington representing the Kansas Public Utilities Commission. At that time he wrote to his paper:

"Never except at inauguration times have the hotels at Washington been so jammed as now. Hundreds of contractors, salesmen and manufacturers besiege the departments and special boards in desperate efforts to get their share, and more, of the seven billions which Congress has authorized to be spent in carrying on the war. . . . This assemblage is a fitting concomitant of war. Cupidity and greed gloating appetites for pillage and plunder. . . . Behind it all in the dimly concealed background are the giant financial and industrial organizations that are to make billions off the war."

When Bristow's paper reached Congressman Helvering of Kansas he telegraphed to Governor Capper of that State asking him to remove Bristow from office. Newspapers in different parts of the country made bitter attacks on Mr. Bristow. Soon the editor wrote another article to his paper in which he shot straight at Congress Helvering in part as follows:

"Now, my dear Mr. Helvering, we beg to advise you that those statements are true.

"You know, or ought to know, that the estimated cost of the construction of cantonments has been increased through excessive profits, from 75 millions of dollars to 150 millions.

"You know, or ought to know, that the lobby of munition makers was strong enough with the Senate Committee on Finance to have the tax on munitions removed from the revenue bill and a tax on tea, coffee and other articles of universal consumption substituted therefor.

"You know, or ought to know, that the lobbies that now swarm in the corridors of the Capitol have induced the Senate Committee on Finance to remove from the revenue bill the increased surtax on excessive incomes of more than \$40,000 per annum, that was put in the bill on the floor of the House, on motion of Mr. Lenroot, of Wisconsin, and that as the bill now stands the tax on great incomes will not be half that imposed by Great Britain.

"You know, or ought to know, that under pressure from innumerable lobbies this revenue bill is being so shaped that great corporations with watered stock will practically escape taxation, and that large industrial concerns are going to be permitted to pass the tax on to the consumer.

"You know, or ought to know, that the amount of money to be raised by taxes on wealth and income is to be reduced and the amount obtained by the sale of bonds to be increased, so that the poor man will not only carry the burden of this war on the field of battle, but also carry the load of taxes for years to come.

"You do know that thousands of men have flocked to Washington and are using every device known to the ingenuity of man to obtain and are obtaining soft berths for themselves, their relatives and political friends. Yet because the editor of this paper called the attention of the country and the administration to this condition you pronounce him a traitor. Apparently, instead of trying to correct the evils, you seek to hide them. . . .

"I beg to advise you that the traitor is not he who exposes graft, but the man who covers it up. You may think it patriotic to draft the youth of this land to die in the trenches of Europe and to permit the bloated munition makers to escape proper taxation and keep their blood-stained gold, but we do not."

Mr. Bristow has not been removed from the chairmanship of the Kansas Public Utilities Commission. It has been said in one of the press comments: "The common people saw through the sham of the politicians and metropolitan journalists. They read the vituperative criticism directed against Bristow and then sat down and wrote him letters of soul-felt encouragement. These letters show an intensity of feeling strained to the breaking point, and portray a condition of the mind of the masses that forecasts a political upheaval, if not something more serious in the near future."

A MESSAGE TO PASTORS FROM THE WORLD ALLIANCE FOR INTERNATIONAL FRIENDSHIP.

Dear Brother:

You will soon be planning your church programs for the coming autumn and winter.

Among the new topics that demand nation-wide attention is that of establishing Christian international relations in which friendship, justice and goodwill shall be actually practiced. For this, however, some form of a League of Nations and a World Court must be set up. All international difficulties should be brought into court. To secure these ends our people must be properly trained and organized.

All Christian leaders, and especially pastors, have peculiar responsibilities in this matter, as they have their own unique contribution to make to this cause.

If America is to Christianize her relations with China and Japan, with Mexico and Latin America, and really help in setting up a better world-order, our Christian citizenship must be more accurately and adequately informed on these problems. In addition to an occasional sermon might you not once a month devoted a prayer meeting to their consideration?

The world Alliance for International Friendship invites every local church to co-operate in this great new task confronting us. Millions of Christian citizens must unite in this movement. No war nor any great cause was ever won by individuals, or even by regiments, fighting separately.

To aid pastors and other leaders we have prepared attractive, instructive and inspiring literature providing material and suggestions for sermons, prayer meeting topics and courses of study.

Will you not send for a package (25 cents), take time and thought to understand our plans, and wheel your local forces into line for the great drive of the Christians and Churches of America for world-justice and goodwill?

Recent Publications of the World Alliance for International Friendship.

A New Era in Human History, 10 cents; Asia's Appeal to America, 10 cents; A Comprehensive Immigration Policy and program, 10 cents; The Pacific Coast and the New Oriental Policy, 10 cents; New Japan and Her Problems, 3 cents; A Square Deal for China, 3 cents; The Duty of the Churches, 15 cents; The New Task of the Churches, 5 cents; A Challenge to the Churches, 10 cents; America's Asiatic Problem and its Solution in a Nutshell, 3 cents. A package containing the above will be mailed postpaid for 25 cents.

SIDNEY L. GULICK, Secretary,
105 East 22nd St., New York City.

WORK RESUMED AT SAN JOSE.

Rev. E. A. King and family have returned from a month's vacation spent at Pacific Grove and Asilomar, and the church has begun another strenuous year's activities.

During the vacation season Mr. King gave his famous lectures on "Scotland" and "The Man of Galilee" at the Mt. Hermon Summer Assembly and at the Ventura County Chautauqua. He gave his "Man of Galilee" lecture in Mayflower Church, Pacific Grove and before the summer school of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at San Anselmo. He read a paper on "Church Advertising" at the Pacific Coast Advertising Men's Convention at Oakland.

Since returning to his post of duty Mr. King has preached on "The Newest Evangelism, Church Advertising" and is now engaged in preaching sermons on the war. One of these was entitled "The Christian's Duty in Time of War." The other is "The Opportunity and Duty of the Church in Time of War." These are receiving favorable attention.

Mr. King has been chosen as chairman of the Church Federation Committee of San Jose that has in charge the church part of entertaining the soldiers at Camp Fremont.

In connection with the sermon on "The Newest Evangelism" there was arranged a very attractive and varied exhibit of church publicity material in the vestibule of the church. This attracted the attention of the newspapers and the "Mercury-Herald" printed an article on the exhibit and a large photograph of the display in the issue of August 15th.

During the month of August the Sunday-school opening exercises are conducted with stereopticon and lantern slides

consisting of hymns, scripture readings and beautiful pictures illustrating the life of Jesus or some passage in the Bible.

A campaign has just begun in the city, headed by Mr. Samuel G. Tompkins, an attorney who is not a church man, to abolish the saloon. All the churches and temperance forces will join in this drive against the saloon evil. The Pasadena ordinance is proposed as the first step to take and it will probably succeed.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

We heard a few days ago from two of our Presbyterian friends who attended the recent student conference at Asilomar that exceptionally fine service was rendered by the Rev. Dr. Raymond C. Brooks in a series of addresses.

We are hoping that every reader of The Pacific will read the sermon by the Rev. Henry Kendall Booth of Long Beach, which is printed this week. It is a splendid message for the days through which mankind is now passing.

The Congregational Church at San Mateo would like to purchase second-hand copies of the New Laudes Domini hymnal with responsive readings. Fifty copies wanted; in good condition. Write the pastor, the Rev. Edmund Owens.

Next Monday at the meeting of the ministers in San Francisco, the Rev. Charles S. Price, acting pastor of Calvary Congregational Church, Oakland, will speak on "American Congregationalism from the viewpoint of an Englishman."

The Rev. Dr. Stauffer will begin his pastorate in First Church, San Francisco, on the second Sunday in October. He finishes a pastorate of ten years in Toronto the last Sunday in September. The Rev. Dr. Frank S. Fitch, who is supplying First Church pulpit just now, knew Dr. Stauffer when he was a pastor in Buffalo, and rejoices with our historic church here in San Francisco that he is to come to be its leader.

The Rev. W. W. Cochrane, who has been doing excellent work at Sprague, Washington, for some time, contemplates laying down the work at that place at the end of September. He will take a church in California if a suitable one should be open to him. The clerk of the church at Sprague writes concerning Mr. Cochrane that "his intelligent conception of modern problems, coupled with a great store of historical information, and his wide experience make it possible for him to preach exceptionally interesting and enlightening sermons." It is said also: "His optimistic spirit carries him over obstacles that would dishearten many men."

The Rev. Dr. Aked will close his work with the Church at Riverside on the first Sunday of September and will give that month to the work of Armenian Relief, speaking in all the principal cities of the Pacific Coast. His dates in San Francisco, Oakland and Berkeley will be between September 26 and October 1, unless changes should be found necessary. Dr. Aked was asked to be one of thirty leading platform men in the United States to make addresses at patriotic rallies in the State of New York the last week in September. The request came from the Adjutant General of the State. This was declined, the Armenian Relief work having been already accepted.

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE WOMAN'S BOARD OF MISSIONS FOR THE PACIFIC.

The Annual Meeting of the W. B. M. P. which will be held on Wednesday, September 5th, in the First Congregational Church, San Francisco, has for its keynote an excerpt from President Wilson's epoch-marking proclamation of April 15, 1917, in which American citizens are reminded of their individual obligation to serve in a spirit of brotherhood. The program, the work of Mrs. E. V. Krick, groups under the heading "The Call of the Hour," the following speakers: Rev. Drs. Ralph B. Larkin, Raymond C. Brooks, Miss Kathleen Bartle and others who will interpret various phases of Christian forces now at work.

There will be the backward and the forward look through the reports of the Treasurer and the Recording Secretary, full of interest to the loyal women whose activities they register, while the chronicle of events on our mission fields abroad during this momentous year will be given by Mrs. Wagner, the Foreign Secretary.

It is expected that Miss Edith Parsons, of Brousa, Turkey, and Miss Mary Florence Denton, of Kyoto, Japan, missionaries of the Board now on furlough, will be present.

The patriotic note will be struck in a musical service at the beginning of the afternoon session, at which Mrs. B. M. Stich will sing the "Star Spangled Banner."

A war-time luncheon will be served at the church; 25 cents. Sessions will convene at 10 a. m. and 1.45 p. m.

SAN FRANCISCO JAPANESE CHURCH.

At the "Japanese Church of Christ," in this city, a church organized by a union of the Presbyterian and Congregational churches, whose fine Mission House is at the corner of Post and Ontario Streets, twenty-two persons were received last Sunday on confession and baptism, and five by letter. Three more, who could not be present at this time, will be received next Sunday, making a total accession of thirty. Most of them seemed to be of the material from which come our pillars. Several children also were baptized, among them the youngest son of the pastor, Rev. Kunio Kodaira. W. C. P.

LONG TIME FAITHFUL AND ABLE SERVICES AT LONG BEACH RECOGNIZED.

The Washington Gladden Club of the Long Beach church took occasion at a recent special meeting to recognize the exceptional services for eleven years, of Miss Mattie M. Paine, as teacher of the Baraca class.

Miss Paine will sail this week to assume the principalship of the Kawaihau Seminary, a girls' school in Honolulu, and the Gladden Club, wholly unwilling that she should leave without a public expression of their gratitude for her earnest labors for hundreds of young men, surprised her by the presentation of a testimonial letter and a bracelet watch.

The efforts of Miss Paine has been specially fruitful. In addition to regular Bible studies, the Adelpia Club has, for years past met fortnightly at her home to promote interest in social, literary and public affairs.

This stimulus of prolonged, unobtrusive and deeply personal work has been held in highest esteem by the Long Beach church, and the pastor, Rev. Henry Kendall Booth, in fitting expressions from the pulpit testified to frequent additions to its membership from the class, and the permanent enrichment of the spiritual forces of the church.

THE SEA OF FAITH.

Have you lifted anchor and hoisted sail?
 Does your ship stand out to sea?
 Have you scoffed at peril and dared the gale?
 When the waves and the wind are free?

Is safety a thought that you count disgrace
 When duty and danger calls?
 Would you stand on the deck with a smile on your face
 And perish the first of all?

Is your old sail salt with the frozen foam,
 And gray as a sea gull's wing?
 Do you never long for land and home
 When the great waves clutch and cling?

Oh, the Sea of Faith hath storms, God knows,
 And the haven is very far;
 But he is my brother-in-blood who goes
 With his eye on the polar star,

With his hand on the canvas, his foot on the ropes,
 His heart beating loud in his breast,
 With dauntless courage and quenchless hopes,
 And the old divine unrest!

The swift keels chafe in the harbor of Doubt;
 They were built for the glorious blue,
 Where the stout masts bend and the sailors shout,
 And the wave-drench'd compass is true!

Then here's my hand, O lad of my heart,
 O dauntless spirit and free!
 The tide is high! They strain, they start!—
 The ships of the infinite sea!
 —Frederic Laurence Knowles, in *Sea Breeze*.

For The Children.

SOME OF BETTY'S NOTIONS.

Now you sit down and eat your oatmeal! You surely have got notions!" said Aunt Martha.

Betty wondered what notions had to do with oatmeal. But she ate the oatmeal because her mother had told her always to mind Aunt Martha, even though doing so made her too late to walk to school with the other girls.

"I want to wear my plaid dress, Aunt Martha," begged Betty. "It's the fruit shower for teacher and 'most everybody wears their best dresses."

"Put on your blue serge dress," ordered Aunt Martha. "A fruit shower is the best reason for wearing an old dress. What if some of the juice got on your plaid? You must get rid of your notions!"

"What's notions, Aunt Martha?" Betty paused in the buttoning of her blue serge dress to ask.

"Soemthing foks shouldn't have and the quicker they get rid of them the better," said Aunt Martha. "Now get your apples from the cellar and hurry along or you'll be late."

"Mother never said I had notions," Betty whispered to herself as she burrowed deep in the apple bin to find the two biggest for teacher. "Maybe I've got 'em since mo-

ther went to the hospital. Maybe they're like measles and they're catching and I oughtn't to go to school."

"Aunt Martha!" she called on her way past the kitchen door. "Ought I go to school if I've got notions?"

"You run along or you'll be late," answered Aunt Martha.

"Good land! I'm glad her mother's well and coming back to-night," she said as she watched Betty skipping down the path.

"I've got notions," Betty said to Ada at recess.

"What's them?" asked Ada.

Betty shook her head.

"I don't know 'xactly, but Aunt Martha says I shouldn't have 'em, and I've got to get rid of 'em. That's what the doctor said about my tonsils and then he cut 'em."

Tears of sympathy for herself filled Betty's eyes. Then she added honestly, "But it didn't hurt hardly a speck."

"Does these hurt?" asked Ada.

"I don't know where they are, so I can't tell," said Betty. "But I guess it won't matter if you play with me. Tonsils didn't catch and maybe notions are more like them than measles."

On the way home from school, Betty stopped at her grandfather's shop. She curled the clean shavings over her fingers and hung them on her shoulder, pretending she had long, golden curls instead of straight black hair.

In one corner of the shop was a pile of new boxes on which were printed big back letters—the kind that Betty found easy to read. She spelled out one after the other, and each time grandfather told her the word they made. The last box had two short words and one long one. Betty had saved this for the last because she knew she'd especially love to spell it because of the two short words.

She began, "B-o-x, box! I knew that word myself, grandfather!"

"Did you ever! Knows as much as her grandfather!" said he, almost as pleased as Betty.

"O-f of!" sang out Betty, with another shriek of delight.

"N-o-t-i-o-n-s, what's that, grandfather?"

"Notions," said grandfather.

"Why, grandfather!" cried Betty. "Ought you to have 'em? Aunt Martha says folks shouldn't!"

"Shouldn't have what?" asked grandfather, drawing her to his knee.

"Notions. What's notions, grandfather, and why are they bad?"

"You funny baby," said grandfather. "We'll take a look at grandfather's notions. Let's hope they're not bad because he has to use them to-morrow, and won't have time to send for more."

Betty held her breath while the box was being pried open, but all she saw was some cord and knobs and hooks!

"It's just a lot of odds and ends to be 'used about the building, honey," explained grandfather. "They don't care to send each of these little things separately, so they just put them all together and label the box, 'Notions.' In a store you'll find needles, pins, thread, and such little things at the notion counter."

Betty looked at grandfather thoughtfully for a moment, then she said, "But I haven't needles or pins or knobs or things like those and Aunt Martha said I've got notions."

Grandfather threw back his head and roared.

"She meant you have funny ideas of your own, and probably they don't agree with hers. If they did she wouldn't call them notions."

"I know about ideas!" cried Betty. "Sometimes mo-

ther and I have different ones and then we decide which is best. 'Most aways mother's is.'

"Let's go to the house," said grandfather. "I have an idea that maybe something's happened up there. Maybe somebody's come. Guess!"

"Mother!" gasped Betty—Janet Van Osdel in Northwestern Christian Advocate.

THE COMMON WAY.

"There's an hour for each when the Angel's speech
To the tongue of man is given—
When earth is crossed as at Pentecost
By the rushing fires of Heaven:
But the common way is for every day,
And we common folk must face it
With a common smile for each common mile,
And the little flowers that grace it.

"To trudge and trust in the daily dust
With a comrade tried and cheery—
To lift the eyes to the heartening skies
When the plodding feet grow weary,
Is to bless the Road, and the hopes that goad
And the beckoning stars that guide me.
The common way that's for every day
Is the way you walk beside me.

"The world must plod at the call of God
On a weary march and holy,
From best to best, toward an end unguessed,

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Write for Free Booklet—state region you prefer. We will gladly assist you in arranging a delightful trip. ASK ANY AGENT.

SOUTHERN PACIFIC

Write for folder on the Apache Trail of Arizona

But slowly—slowly—slowly.
So the lot we bear with all life we share
And the Goal of all life's growing:
For the common way that's for every day
Is the way of God's own going."

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